The Bystander. September 13, 1916.—No. 667. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Howard M. King*

A GRACEFUL PICTURE OF MISS DORIS KEANE

Who is still thrilling large houses at the Lyric as the bewitching heroine of Mr. Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance," the greatest theatrical success of the war period

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Deception That Doesn't Deceive

THAT the Germans are liars, the world admits. But Mr. Belloc, in one of his most instructive moments, convinced us that they are liars only when it suits their purpose to lie: otherwise, they are as truthful as is expedient. When they lie with an object, however, they do not lie with the supreme artistry of the diplomatist of whom it was said that "*on ne peut pas croire le contraire de ce qu'il dit.*" When a German utterance has "falsehood" stamped on its face, one *can*, and does, believe the exact contrary of what it says.

Applied to the Case of Hindenburg

THE week-end brought us from Berne the official version of the dismissal of Falkenhayn and the appointment of Hindenburg. It was not, as we had all believed, that Falky (one must abbreviate) was all for sticking it out, and that Hindy was for chucking it, in the West, but *le contraire*. Wherefore, I revert to my last week's belief, namely, that it *is* Hindenburg who intends sooner or later to withdraw from France. The fact that he is reported on the West Front, engaging in frantic massed attacks "by order of the Kaiser," is exactly what would be happening if he intended to retire. It is what is always done in such cases. We preceded our own little withdrawal from Gallipoli by similar massed attacks on the Turks. I am no prophet, as Bottomley is, but just watch this space. If I am right, I will remind you of the fact. If not, I will do as Bottomley does, and prophesy something else.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Funeral of the crew of Zeppelin L21 at Potter's Bar on September 6. The bodies of the dead raiders were borne to their grave by men of the Royal Flying Corps with a chivalrous respect that is distinctly British, and which may well be noted by neutrals, and the lesson thereof impressed upon the enemy

The Wrong News from Athens

MOST interesting, all this news from Athens. In peace-time one would have been most excited about Tino and the Reservists' League, etc. But at present one would much rather be interested in reading of a strong attack by the whole of the Allied forces of half a million on the Bulgarians, so that they are not able to walk into Roumania and help themselves at random to fortresses, thousands of prisoners, and guns. Even to appear to be leaving him in the lurch isn't a nice way of welcoming the latest of our Allies.

An Extinguisher for Greece

POSSIBLY it is an embarrassment to have the Greeks fiddling about in the rear of the Balkan Armies. But they have been doing it for the greater part of a twelvemonth. Why is it not possible just to notify Tino that Greece does not officially exist in the Balkans, and that any attempt by her to assume the appearance of life otherwise than as a combatant in the Allied ranks—which must be by a certain date—will be followed instantaneously by the disappearance of Greece from the map of Europe?

"Bulgaria Mustn't be Hurt"

WHEN the Allied fleets arrived the week before last we assumed that this was about to be done at last. Yet here we are again. Despite the fleet, we read of Ministers' daily interviews with the King, intrigues, demonstrations against the Allies, and so forth. If there is a time when our armies ought to strike at Bulgaria, it is now. Why do they not strike?

"The Most Unkindest Cut of All"

OF the two commandeered London clubs, the Constitutional seems to be taking its fate with greater dignity than the N.L.C., which is odd, seeing that the "seizure" is being carried out by that great leader of Liberalism and champion of liberty and democracy, Mr. Lloyd George. If there had been any squealing, one would have expected it from the old opponents of the Welsh wizard, not from those who followed his Limehouse lead with such unbridled enthusiasm. In olden days, Conservatives used to point out that Mr. George was no respecter of persons or properties. I like the N.L.C., which is certainly the nicest-situated clubhouse in London, but its funeral is in the hands of its own family undertaker.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Why Not War Office Huts?

IF there is still a chance of saving the two Clubs that represent the democratic element of party politics—which the Carlton, Reform, etc., do not—I join with those who suggest that there is a fine open space behind the Horse Guards Parade, ideally suitable for the erection of hutments in which it ought to be possible to house the Directorate of Recruiting, who know something about huts, and their manifold comforts. If he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat, why should not he who "huts" recruits himself be hutted? Why does he need to turn out ten thousand clubmen, among whom are thousands of British and Colonial officers and men fighting for their country, to whom a London club is a godsend when on leave?

⁂ ⁂

The Latest Thrill

THE person of military age who, for his sins, his utilities, or his infirmities, is not in the fighting line, is having yet another joy added to what remains of his life. As a prelude to the chance of being bombed in his bed, he may now look forward to being arrested while he eats his evening meal, or watches an entertainment. The charge will be that of being of well-preserved looks and in civilian garb. Of course, he may have upon him a sheaf of certificates bearing witness to his birth-date, exemption, unfitness, foreign nationality, discharge, ticket-of-leave, or pending appeal. On the other hand, he may have left said certificates at home. Civilians are so inured to minor disturbances of their comfort that they do not in the least resent this latest diversion. As many of them are careless, however, it would be a good thing if the authorities would allow them to have their certificates, or, better still, some recognised hieroglyphic, branded or tattooed on a convenient and easily consulted part of the body. Among other things, it would serve, after the war, as a prompt answer to that dreaded question of grandchildren yet unborn.

⁂ ⁂

What Matters?

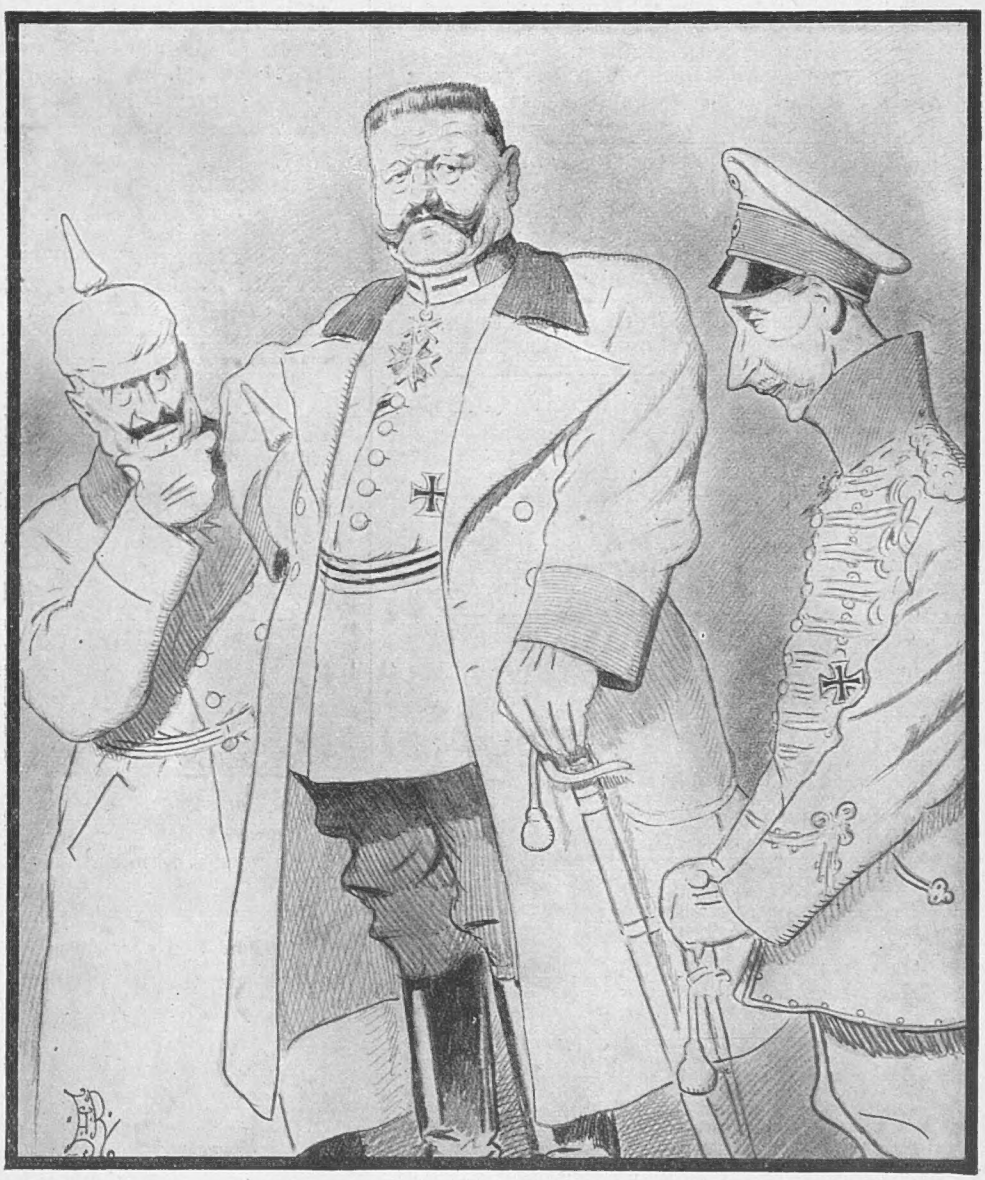
IT is complained that the "bag" of "shirkers" is out of proportion to the numbers detained. That is absurd. What matters the convenience of the ninety-nine if the one erring sheep is brought into the fold?

⁂ ⁂

Arms and Ammunition Unlimited

I SEE that negotiations are said to have been proceeding for some months to bring about a working agreement between most of the principal arms and ammunition companies and businesses of the kingdom, and that if the scheme comes to fruition it will involve an aggregate capitalisation of something like thirty millions sterling; also "it will place the British arms and ammunition industry in a powerful position to compete in the struggle for world-trade after the war." There seems only one thing lacking in the announcement and that is the name of the new British Armour

(Continued on page 452)



TOWARDS THE SETTING OF THE (IR) SUN

THE CROWN PRINCE: "Well, Hindy! Coming freshly from the East, how do you think things are looking here?"

VON HINDENBURG: "Frankly, your Imperial Highness, it looks to me as if other things beside the sun are going down in the West"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. LEICESTER SQUARE.
Managing Director, ALFRED BUTT.
The Great Drury Lane Revue
"RAZZLE-DAZZLE!" Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate.
Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30. 'Phone, Gerrard 3527.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER and Company in "HOWARD & SON," GEORGE GRAVES & CO., in "THE KEY OF THE FLAT," "A COURT OF ENQUIRY," a Comedy by Malcolm Watson, JAMES LEARMOUTH in "KEEP TO THE RIGHT," TWO RASCALS & JACOBSON, Phone, Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON.
First performance, September 14, at 8 p.m.
Albert de Courville's production,
"FLYING COLOURS!"
LITTLE TICH, GABRIELLE RAY, RAY COX, YETTA RIANZA, BESSIE WYNN, BERTRAM WALLIS, JOHN HUMPHREYS, CHARLES BERKELEY, Etc.
Box Office Now Open. 'Phone—Gerrard 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, September 11.
Wilkie Bard, Marie Lloyd, Fred Emney, Coram, Ernest Hastings, Bert Coote, O'Gorman Bros., S. W. Wyndham, The Diving Belles, The Goodalls.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. KINGSWAY.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Matinées, WED., THURS., and SAT., at 2.15.
A New Comedy and Spectacular Revue
"LOOK WHO'S HERE!"
ETHEL LEVEY, BILLY MERSON, FRED KITCHEN, FLORENCE SMITHSON, and an Army of Singers, Dancers and Musicians.
Box Office 10 to 10. 'Phone, Holborn 6840 (8 lines).

ADELPHI, STRAND (Ger. 2645) "HIGH JINKS."
The New Musical Comedy.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinée every Wed. and Sat. at 2.
MARIE BLANCHE — W. H. BERRY — NELLIE TAYLOR.

DALY'S. Tel. Ger. 201. "THE HAPPY DAY."
EVENINGS, at 8. MATINEES WEDS. and SATS., at 2.
Arthur Wontner, Thorpe Bates, Mark Lester, Laurie de Frece, Jose Collins, Rosina Filippi, Dorothy Shale, Unity More.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

NEWLY OPENED.

LONDON.—WIGMORE HOTEL (and Restaurant), Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W. (adjoining Steinway Hall). Family Hotel of first rank. Each room fitted with hot and cold water, service 'phone, and electric fire heater. P.O. 'phone on all floors and in all suites. Public rooms and corridors heated by hot water. Bathroom to every three bedrooms. Elegant suites. Restaurant under supervision of an eminent chef and maître d'hotel. "A first visit either to hotel or restaurant is not likely to be the last."—*Truth*, June 7. Telegrams: Guestwise, Baker, London. 'Phone: Mayfair, 4737.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.

Tickets Interchangeable.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.

Australian Tickets of P & O and Orient Lines are also interchangeable.

For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

DEVELOPING or PRINTING.

The BEST POSSIBLE got out of every negative and every print—every time. NO WAITING.

Any size, 1/- for 12 exposures. 6d. for 6.

Prints or Postcards, 1d. Cameras bought or exchanged.

MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHERS' CHEMIST, SOUTHAMPTON.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS & GIRLS.

TUTORS for ARMY and ALL EXAMS.

MESSRS. J. and J. PATON, having an intimate, UNIQUE, and up-to-date knowledge of the best SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country, will be pleased to AID PARENTS in their choice by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and TRUSTWORTHY INFORMATION regarding ESTABLISHMENTS which can be THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED.

The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
'Phone, write, or call.

J. and J. PATON, Educational Agents,
143, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Telephone: 5053 Central.

THE CHURCH ARMY'S HUTS, TENTS, and CLUBS

provide rest, recreation, and refreshment for our sorely-tried and gallant men of the Army and Navy at home, in France, Flanders, Malta, Egypt, Salonica, Mesopotamia, British East Africa, and India.

MANY MORE ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Huts cost **£300**; Tents, **£150**;
Week's Working **£5** abroad, **£2** at home.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy, Canada, under 1 lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 30 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 12th day of September, 1916, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 20th day of September, 1916.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

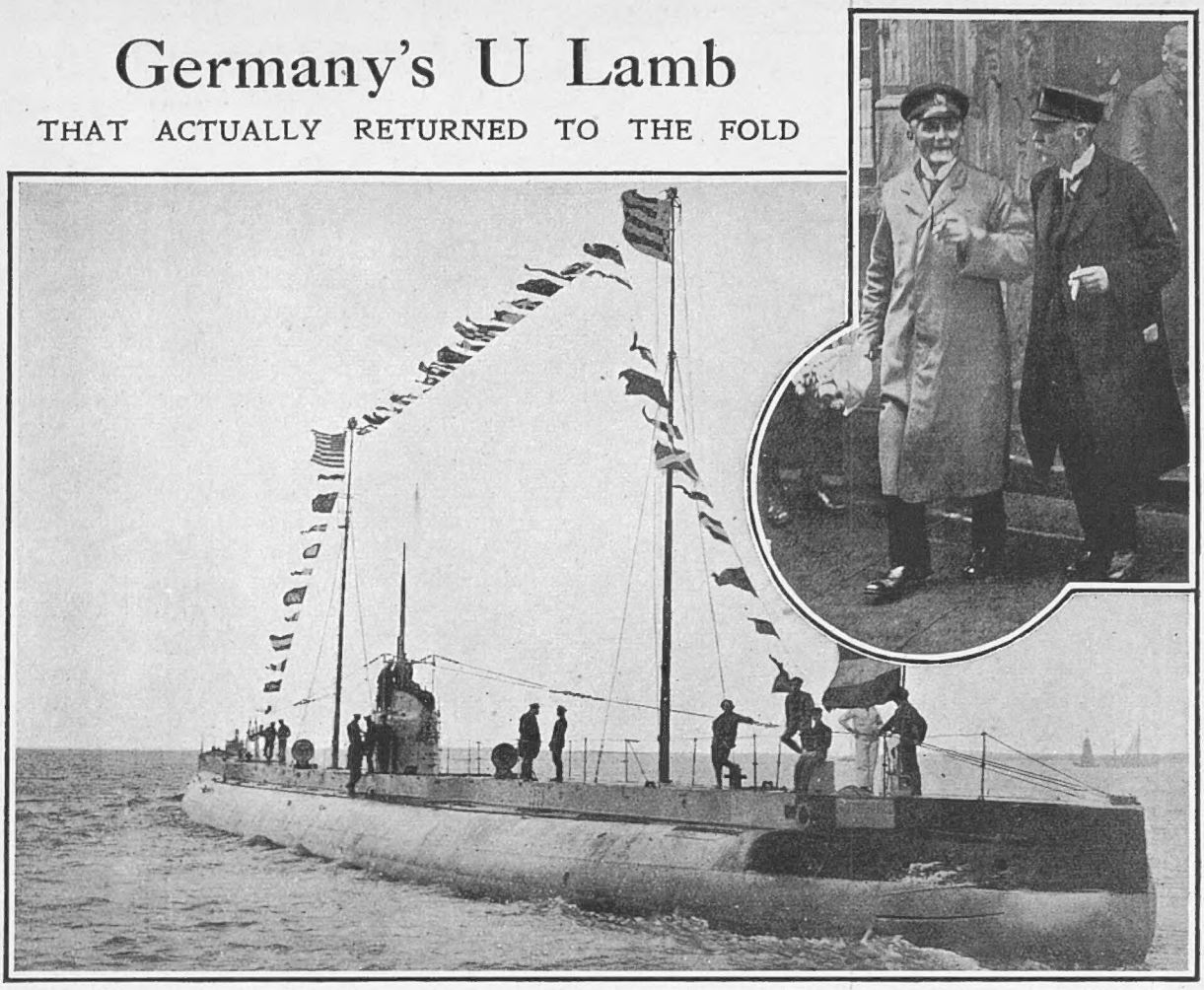
THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.

This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

Germany's U Lamb

THAT ACTUALLY RETURNED TO THE FOLD



The adventurous German "mercantile submarine," "Deutschland," wreathed with flags at the conclusion of her double Trans-Atlantic voyage. Inset are Captain König, her commander, with Herr Lohmann, President of the German Ocean-Company of Ship-Owners

Delirious joy of the populace of Bremen at the return of the "Deutschland," apparently overshadowing any anxiety as to the fate of her sister-ship, named after Bremen itself. Though we are sorry our Navy did not capture the "Deutschland," we do not begrudge the Germans their glee, for it is a standing proof of the strictness of the blockade that it can only be "run" by one solitary ship, and that an "underliner"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 450)

LADY HAIG

Wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force after paying a visit to her children, engaged in the more peaceful delights of a fishing competition

Plate Trust. Will some expert in nomenclature let us know what is the Anglicised version of Krupp?

⁂ ⁂

The Right Thing, for Once

It was an exceedingly happy thought to send Mr. Balfour to the Clyde. The working-class know a gentleman when they see one, like him, and listen to him, which is not the case with some of the other visitors who run down there from time to time to "conciliate the workers"

⁂ ⁂

The New September

The first September spent under the Summer-time Act has, weather permitting, a chance to make a record in sweetness. For the first time, it can combine all the familiar glories with comparative lightness in the evenings, making it an ideal holiday month for those who take such. Whereas in former years the September holiday-maker had to switch on the lights at seven or thereabouts, this year, for the first fortnight, daylight has lasted until eight or thereabouts. A little haziness at breakfast-time has not mattered.

⁂ ⁂

But to Put the Clock Back—!

What hangs over us all now, however, is the imminence of October, with its ruthless return to the *status quo ante actum*. The night of September 30 will be a night of wrath. We shall feel like universal miscreants as our fingers turn back the clock and consign the morrow to lights-up—so far as lights are allowed to be up—an hour earlier. We shall take to our winter clothes and our winter bad habits with an ill-grace for being so suddenly plunged into winter gloom.

⁂ ⁂

A Good Case for Passive Resistance

There were M.P.s who threatened passive resistance to the Summer Time Act when it was brought in in the merry spring-time. It was shown them that they would make idiots of themselves, and, incidentally, forego the fun of the fair. It is different now. A man insisting on continuing summer-time, with its extra hour of daylight, will have reason, even if he does have to dress and shave by electricity.

⁂ ⁂

Not —— Likely

"Downwriter" requests me to inform those fellow-baldheads who have written to him in large numbers to know what is the service in which commissions are still to be obtained by members of their order to say that he isn't going to tell; and that there aren't any more, anyway.

⁂ ⁂

Are the Schools Really Waking Up?

He also asks me to thank a correspondent who writes from St. Peter's School, York, to contradict his statements to the effect that "British education stands where it did," as follows:—

> I would guarantee that the Fifth and Sixth Forms of nearly all Schools know more of the Risorgimento, the Rise of Prussia, the Franco-Prussian War, the Zollverein, than "Downwriter" knows of British education in the past two years. Does he know that map reading, systems of coinage, and many of the things that matter are regularly taught. Does he know that fifteen hours a week are to be spent by all boys intending to enter a Cadet Officer Unit on "things that matter," and that more changes have been made in the curricula of schools in the last five years than in the previous twenty?

My contributor says that he certainly didn't, but is nevertheless glad to know it now: also that he looks forward with sensations of awe to meeting that schoolboy who will be able to tell him all about the Risorgimento and the Zollverein.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

On a visit to a regatta, looking on from the terrace of the lighthouse at Cap Majeur

Egypt's Statesman Sultan

H.H. HUSSEIN PASHA, SULTAN OF EGYPT

In a characteristic pose, taken while visiting the British Red Cross Hospital at Giza, Egypt, where he took the keenest interest in the wounded soldiers

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"And my pink silk 'pantoufles' showed their true disposition—a roving one"

LONDON, *September* 11, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

ONLY one subject of conversation in London all last week, of course—did you or didn't you see the Zep brought down? I did, and between you and me it fell just a bit below anticipation. As a spectacle it was sweet, but so short you simply couldn't take it in A sudden great lighting of the northern sky, a small, stealthy, sullenly-sliding flame of glowing red in the middle of it. . . .

❋ ❋

AND then darkness again, as through the thick September mist that spoiled the show so badly the flaming thing floated down to enemy earth, graceful in death as in life. It seemed so small an end to such a wonder-ship that some thought it merely a fire-balloon. But for the poor men on board that short descent must have seemed an eternity.

❋ ❋

AS for the audience—well, first nights are always an excuse for lots of (un)-dressing, of course, and most of us men and women would have caught a horrid cold if we'd obeyed the song's injunction to

"Take off a little bit,
Take off a little more."

Fortunately, it was a warm, thundery, windless night, so the distinct sketchiness of our attire didn't matter, and obviously, too, the *intention* was good, anyway.

❋ ❋

THUS Helen, I'm told, like Cæsar, mixed modesty with greatness, and went so far as to put on a pair of stockings. Not her fault, of course, that in the subsequent Zep. hunt she walked rather *on* than *in* stockings. You know what these silk ones are. Simply can't be kept up by will-power. And my pink silk *pantoufles* always keep on all right in my bedroom. But on that night of Zeps. they showed their true disposition—a roving one

❋ ❋

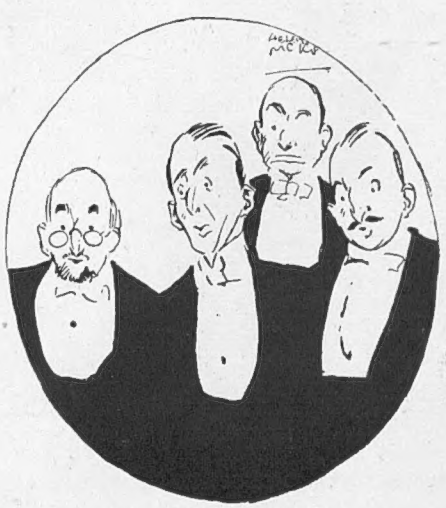
FOR the rest, the ancient and modern kimono covers a multitude of—anything, and on these Zeppelin nights discretion's the better part of face-cream. And anyway nighties, I think, are much more comfy than pyjamas. Our escorts' waist-cords seemed ever prone either to over-tight or over-looseness, and the same fate that dogged the Helenic cobweb coverings aforesaid constantly overhung them.

❋ ❋

TALKING of clothes, great flutterings in the theatrical dovecotes here since General Smith-Dorrien made public complaint of the demoralising effect "scantily-dressed girls and songs of doubtful character" are having on "our young officers and soldiers." But, of course, no one's *done* anything, put on a little bit more, I mean. In fact, I never saw more bare pink flesh in all my life than displayed itself before my hardened but astonished gaze at—of all places!—His Majesty's Theatre the other night.

❋ ❋

IN the East, of course, as we all know, it's hot; indeed, as an officer's just written home, "If I owned Mesopotamia and Hell, I would let Mesopotamia." But over here it's so cold that—well, it makes hot things seem hotter, I suppose. Anyway, *Chu Chin Chow* seems to have made even the critics sit up and gasp a bit.



"Made even the critics sit up and gasp a bit"

THE fun is full-blooded, fruity, almost Rabelaisian, says one; but another finds the bloodthirsty and desert passions of Mr. Asche and Miss Lily Brayton possibly a little too "plump"—a favourite word of the piece, the *mot juste* of the whole affair—"for some of us, though they well match the opulence of the beauty

"Generals with severe views may not go to the theatre"

chorus, which includes ladies of every complexion and all degrees of *décolletage*."

⁂ ⁂

"WHAT should concern us to the exclusion of all else at the present moment," writes Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, "is the life and death struggle in which we are engaged." But it's no good pretending that that *is* all that's concerning us. Just think only of the time and toil and brain and money that's gone to the making of this one show alone—a kaleidoscopic series, someone called it, of scenes now romantic, now realistic, now Futurist or Vorticist, but always beautiful.

⁂ ⁂

PLUMP Mr. Pounds sings plumply,

"Every time
Is kissing time"

And we all simply love it. It is a rich beauty-show—the word-painter goes on—an audacious *décolletage* of black and white, a gorgeous heap of coloured stuffs—there are spiral costumes, conchoïdal costumes, elliptical costumes, costumes that seem to realise the wildest dreams of our most recent artistic decadents. . . . .

⁂ ⁂

AND a lot more. All like that. And quite a lot of it true. Aren't we a *marvellous* people in war-time? And not only on the stage. Not a bit war-like in the stalls either. Generals with serious views may not go to the theatre in war-time, but Society does. And in no less exquisite clothes than ever. At His Majesty's, one of the "dressy" theatres, the evening cloaks alone at the first night would have run the war for quite a few minutes, and they were all there in rows—the Souls, and the foreign princesses, and the American peeresses and the Cabinet Ministers' wives, and the smart actresses, and the fashionable K.C.'s. Society hasn't, you know, entirely given itself over to running canteens and war supply depôts and such like.

VERY, very many thanks to the naval editor who so kindly sent me his ship's magazine—mustn't breathe her name, of course, but she comes from overseas, too, and it was she (with Heligoland and Dogger Bank already inscribed upon her arms) who gave the signal "Enemy in Sight," at the Battle of Jutland. It's a most delightful publication, with a nice story.

Of one Von Tirps—you know the man?
Of reputation gory.
Take notice ere the tale begins—
He trimmed his beard to look like twins! . . .

⁂ ⁂

AND including, amongst other deathless writings, an appreciation of poets (which is rather sweet), and an invitation.

⁂ ⁂

HERE'S the last:—"Dearest Blanche, here's a surprise for you, a letter from THE Gunroom! Yes, the gunroom of the good old——. Do you know how we all stand round the gunroom door on Wednesday evenings waiting for the mail and how we scramble with varied remarks such as 'After you with the BYSTANDER, Daftie, no? Well, after the Duck, then!' Or, 'D——n you, I got it first!'

⁂ ⁂

"THIS wrangling goes on till the drummer sounds, 'Officers to Dress' in our already deafened ears. We all rush hurriedly to clean for dinner, leaving Blanche's letter reposing on the settee. Yes, but you can bet your life that some artful cuss has already dressed, knowing well that for a quarter of an hour he would be able to enjoy THE letter by himself.

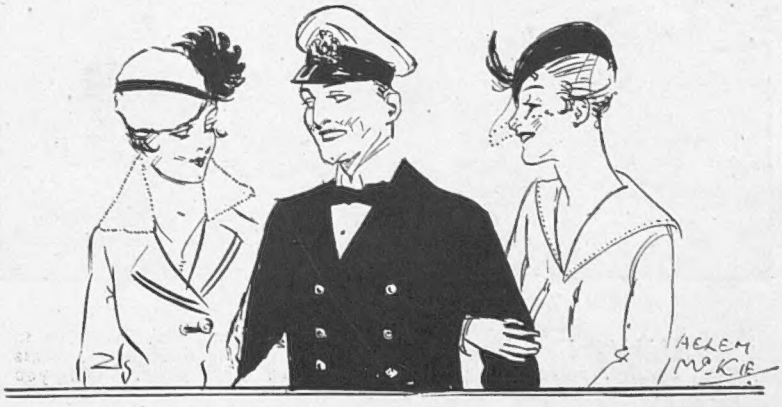
⁂ ⁂

"THE trouble is when *two* people try the artful (maybe it's heart-full) dodge. For then it comes to a stand-up scrap. But isn't it worth it? Now, Blanche, we thought of writing you a monthly letter. But then we thought how much nicer it would be if you'd write *us* a dozen lines or so. Will you? Would you try, Blanche, dear, just to relieve the monotony? All the Battle Cruiser Gunrooms would read it, because we have quite a large circulation."

⁂ ⁂

WHAT would *you* do, cousin? After all we do get so few chances to spoil them properly in person. And they do have such a dreary weary time, some of them, waiting for the few-and-far-between moments, when the twin-whiskered one above-mentioned comes out and gives things a bit of a fillip, and life a spice of variety.

(Continued on page 456)



"We do spoil them all so dreadfully, don't we?"

IN ENGLAND—NOW (concluded from p. 455)

NOT that *all* the fed-upness is to be found at the Front, either the land or the watery one. A few nights ago—one of those pouring, sloshing, soaking ones we've had lately, just to remind us it's an English summer—the feelings of a certain well-known Scottish battalion that's in training near London reached a point almost beyond words.

⁂

THEY'D been on duty in their trenches for about twenty hours on end, when about 3 a.m. the twentieth and heaviest shower of all began to pelt down on their already nicely moistened forms with great ominous drops. From a silence of weariness and disgust there arose one still, small, fervent voice. "Thank God Rumania's come in!" it said.

With love,
Yours ever, BLANCHE.

BELLICOSITIES

IN spite of some rumours to the contrary, we are assured from Covent Garden that English "Williams" are as much esteemed as ever. Any unpopularity attaching to the name is confined to a particularly nauseous and unwholesome German pair.

⁂

"IF the Government chooses to call me a monkey," wailed a protesting conscientious objector the other day, "it does not make me one." But the Government chose to call him a soldier—and he is now in barracks, meditating upon the pitfalls of false analogy.

PERSONS who neglect to draw their blinds after dark would do well to remember that we are living in topsy-turvy times, when heavy penalties are apt to be imposed for light offences.

⁂

"IN view of the high price of beef," we read, "venison is to be sold at prices within the reach of all." But some people are never satisfied; and we can only hope that this will not result in another "deer food" cry.

⁂

THOUGH our 'Tommies" in Mesopotamia do not seem to have been greatly impressed by the Garden of Eden, they may yet find that their arrival there has brought them nearer to the Eve of victory.

⁂

"PLAYING it low down," as usual, Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been sleeping in his cellar as a precaution against air-raids. Now that the Allies have got him there, they will doubtless lose no time in hauling him over the coals.

⁂

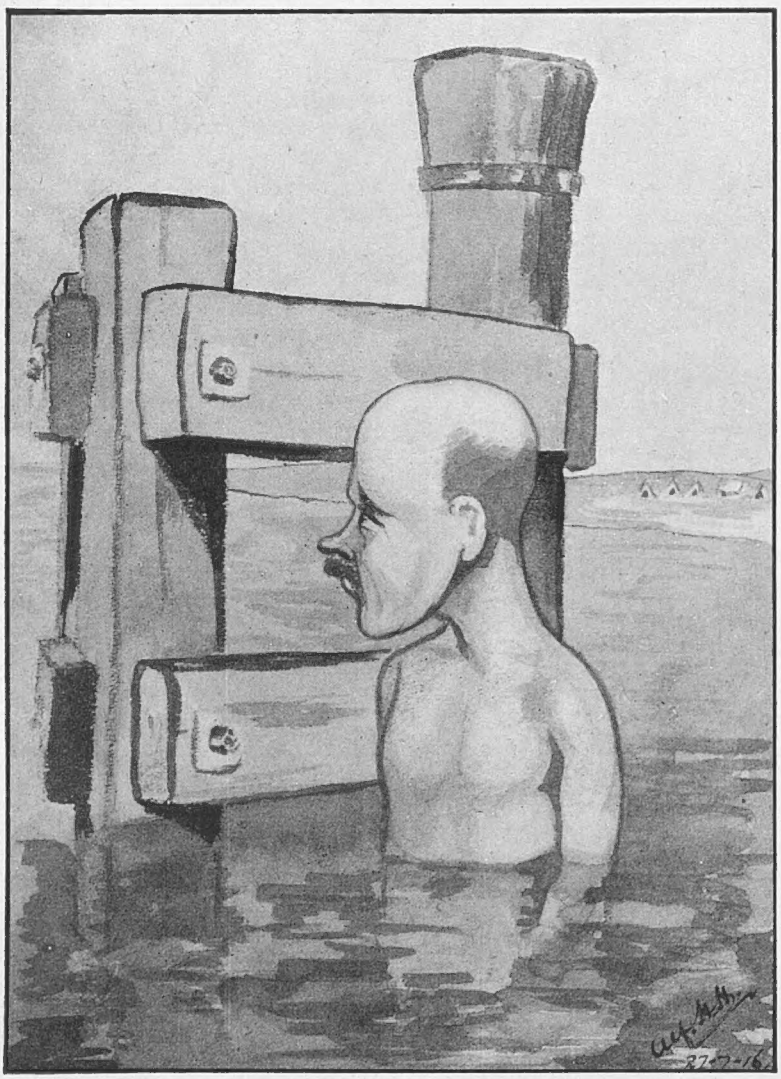
KING FOX, by the way, is likely to find there is "nothing doing" in the matter of his deep little scheme to abdicate in his son's favour, and hang about Europe as a detached mischief-maker. The bread of affliction is not going to be made quite as palatable as that to the would-be Coburg Loafer.

⁂

THERE is nothing at all surprising in the report that von Kluck is about to be given a fresh command. A General with such a fine practical experience of failure and defeat should be just the man for the situation at this stage of the Huns' "victorious" war.

⁂

ONE who watched from a distance the descent of the blazing Zep. described it to a reporter, with picturesque cruelty, as "a red-hot sausage." Had he been near enough to see it crash to earth, he would quite possibly have permitted himself to add—"and mashed."



DRAWBACKS OF A DIP AT SUEZ

Major X....., R.A.M.C. (T.), M.D., F.R.C.S., etc., etc., in trying to hide behind a pile from the rude vision of a passing liner, hears, to his horror, a vulgar voice calling "If I throw down a 'peeaster' will you dive for it?!"

Feminine Farming (Illustrated)

Ex-laundry lady mangling wurzels for dyspeptic porkers

Sister Susie (ex-sempstress) sowing seeds for small-holders

Trixie of the tea-shop catering for chickens

Dairymaid (ex-mother's help) mothering farmyard orphans

Our Right Hon. "Ifs" and "Buts"

THE NEED FOR A NEW PARTY

By "SOTTO VOCE"

I AM frankly very tired of the Government, and I can see that they are equally tired of Office. Unhappily they themselves believe that they are indispensable, and as they appointed themselves, and none but they can dismiss themselves, they have resigned themselves—to carry on. That is the only resignation we may expect of them. Of course, when a man believes that he is indispensable, he should be dismissed at once. His sense of duty has unbalanced his sense of proportion, and his judgment is obviously deranged. But none of us can dismiss the Government, and few think of successors for them.

THE Coalition has not made for efficiency, and it certainly has not given us decision and energy. That we should be governed now and henceforward for some years by a non-Party government is essential. But not by *this* coalition, as we value our Empire souls. We must away with Party fights, but we must not be undermined by Party compromises. Mutual admiration is a harmless effort of the imagination, but mutual whitewashing plays the very dickens with efficiency.

IF the Prime Minister has ever met a man greater than himself, he would tell us that that personage was Mr. Bonar Law. Mr Bonar Law would say the same for Mr. Asquith, and other ministers for other ministers, and so we go on. They coo over each other like turtle doves, and beak viciously at anyone who flutters near their cote. All semblance of opposition having been removed, matters of difficulty are merely ignored. Take the question of high prices, for instance. In this country there is not, and certainly there need not be, any shortage of food. Yet prices are sent up and up, and the Government takes a holiday. Yes, they are indispensable, and so is food: but we may be forgiven for believing that we are paying too much for both.

THEN we have what is now thrillingly described as "The Secret Hand!" I am not one of those who sniff an alien enemy in every place, but I can trace an amazing and outrageous reluctance in some very important quarters, to do what is obviously the right thing in the interests of this country. Had we a *real* opposition, this sort of thing would not last for a day. The same must be written of the blockade, which like Summer was a shocking time in coming, and very leaky when it arrived. If we decide that it is best to win by starving the enemy, let us do so, and do it thoroughly. But don't play at it as we still are doing after more than two years of war.

AND what, if you please of the Trade War of which we hear so much? Were peace to come this year, we should be without a vestige of preparation for it. Those people who prate about swinging duties against our enemies, and preference for neutrals, are fools. Our enemies will be crippled by the war, just as we are. But the neutrals who have been amassing piled-up millions, and have all their producers whole and unharmed, will be able to knock us sky-high with their goods in the first year of peace: at any rate, if we let them do so. And the Government has no plan to stop it. Indeed, the Government has with a subtlety worthy of a better cause done its utmost to prevent anyone else from pressing forward a scheme.

THERE was the Paris Conference which was at last held after several inexplicable postponements. But it reported long months ago. What did the Government do? Having regard to the urgency of the matter it should at once have accepted or neglected the Report and taken immediate action. But it did nothing of the kind. It appointed a Committee (I feel sure that if Mr. Asquith were skipper of a ship that was heading straight for an iceberg, he would appoint a Committee), and this particular committee is a masterpiece. It is a cunning composition of Free-Traders and Tariff Reformers. Mr. Hewins of the Tariff Commission meets Sir Alfred Mond of the Free Trade Union, and day after day they can discuss all the old controversies which so delightfully divide them. And even if *they* hit on a compromise the Cabinet would re-open the discussion. And after then we are told that there is to be an Imperial Conference, and a Conference of the Allies, and so——! Well, we may be sure that we shall not get a Trade policy before our Trade has been filched away.

IF ever there was a subject that should never have been a matter for compromise, it is British Trade Protection! The Tariff people were right before the war, and the war has merely intensified their demand. Why call in the men who have been wrong all through? Why bottle up everybody—and do nothing? I'll tell you why. Compromise is the life-blood of Coalition. There must be agreement on everything or else the texture is rent in twain.

WELL, what about the new Party? The "Ginger Groups" have been a ridiculous fiasco. Even *they* coalesced. They set down their amendments most valiantly, and humbly begged leave to withdraw them. We want a new Party of men who will see things through. We do not necessarily want a new War Policy, but we do need a strong, fresh, and really independent driving power. Sir Edward Carson is a natural leader ready to hand. He stands higher in the country than any man in the Cabinet. His passion for peace in Ireland is only equalled by his resolve to protect the Empire's trade by Tariffs. And there is a band of M.P.s at the front, who would be infinitely more useful to us at home. They have had a look at hell, and they will stand no nonsense. It would be a good thing to recall all the service M.P.s for a session, and see how they shape. *They* would be a real "Ginger Group," and they would end the war far more quickly at home than they could in the trenches. And some of them have developed quite a pretty gift of directness. It is time we unleashed them.

Keeping Cool at Salonica

"NO NEED TO WORRY" FOR THE WOUNDED AT SALONICA

For in this field ambulance, under a vast and shady tree, they can be thoroughly cool and comfortable

THE MOTOR TRANSPORT IS FULL OF INGENUITY

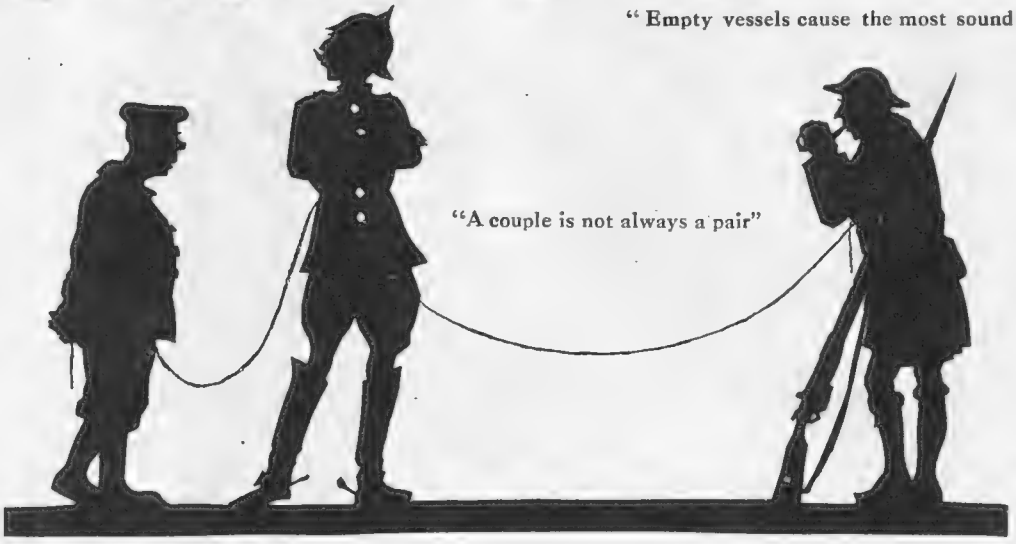
And its members have, as shown in this official photograph, here constructed for themselves a really top-hole bath out of boxes and tarpaulins, in which they can remove the dust of the Greek roads with the maximum of pleasure

Proverbs from the Push in Silhouette

"Every dog has his day"

"The last straw"

"Empty vessels cause the most sound"



"A couple is not always a pair"

H.L. Oakley.

Lieutenant Oakley has quarried from his Proverbial Philosophy material which his scissors have trimmed into an entertaining and topical illustration of the humorous side of war. That "Tommy" should have such priceless experiences as those silhouetted here would suggest that his after-the-war recital of them should make the village alehouse a fine field for the stay-at-home writer in search of "local colour." But the men who do things seldom talk of them as well—therefore we must thank the silhouettist for making his pictures speak for themselves

Types They Have in the Navy

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 3.—"MARINES"

Rudyard Kipling has already immortalised the Marine in "Barrack Room Ballads," and no better description is possible than those four words, "soldier and sailor, too." The Marine, like the butler in civil life, is at his best perhaps when slightly mellowed by age. Then as an officer's servant he is incomparable

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander in Paris

THE PESSIMIST

We usually squabbled when we talked at all, so I was rather surprised when he offered me a lift. When I found that his cab, which was waiting downstairs, was a hippomobile, and that the joint ages of the horse and the driver were well on into the second century, I understood his reluctance to travel alone even for a short distance.

❀

But presently I gathered that he wanted to talk to me about the war. You can't very well be rude to your host in his own cab, even if he is a pessimist. Besides, I was rather curious to hear what grounds he could possibly find for pessimism, for the war-news was particularly good. But first of all let me introduce our pessimist. He is a little man with an unpleasantly silky manner, and in pre-war days had a knack of making himself offensively British to Frenchmen and offensively French to Britishers. He was, of course, a pro-Boer in the South African War. When this war began he "tock the common-sense view." This meant that he was convinced, first of all, that Great Britain would never come in; next, when Great Britain had come in, that not only must Germany win, but that she must win in a very few months. He was almost happy in the grim days of the Retreat. Not because he hoped for the victory of the Hun, but because the common-sense of which he used to talk so freely and which was really sheer funk, convinced him that France and England were bound to come under the German thumb.

❀

When von Kluck's army drew perilously near Paris the pessimist was one of the first to tell everyone who would listen to him that this was a time to put all sentiment aside, and listen to common-sense dictates at last. It was common-sense, he said, that when the Germans entered Paris they would burn, loot, and destroy, district by district, street by street. Common-sense showed that the only reasonable attitude was either submission or flight. The French Government had gone to Bordeaux, so had the British Ambassador. Common-sense made flight imperative unless we wanted to suffer as the Belgians were suffering. Then he disappeared—quaking. I met him with others of his kind in a French port from which he was trying to escape to England. He told me that my blind optimism was a crime, and that he considered he was doing his duty in warning people of the danger of remaining. He did his duty, too, by trying to steal a march on intimate friends of his own whom he had told that the boat on which he hoped to secure a passage would not leave till the morrow, thinking there would be no room for himself. But as his friends found him out and travelled by that same boat his passage was not a very pleasant one.

❀

I returned to Paris on the night that boat left for England to find it very empty, very wonderful, and magnificently hopeful. Some weeks after the Battle of the Marne the Pessimist was back again. He "had private information" that the Germans would be in Calais in a few days, possibly in a few hours. The Russian task was hopeless. Our chances in the East were *nil*. It was all very well to talk about the Naval Blockade, but the Germans were getting everything they wanted, and the price of whiskey was rising every day in Paris. This, he said, was the beginning of the end. Common-sense showed that the War could only end either in German victory or stalemate with a peace on German terms. When the Zeppelin raids came to Paris he prophesied the total destruction of the City for the second time, and went to England till the Zeppelins followed him there.

❀

Then he returned to tell us how little anyone at home really cared about the war, and he laughed at the possibility of Conscription. He is, of course, of military age. Conscription came, but that does not concern him yet, for he is now a "resident abroad." Before the married men were called up he had professed his willingness to fight, but that has disappeared now. It's the Government's business to call on him if it wants him, he says. He is a law-abiding citizen. When the battle of Verdun began his daily tale of French losses was hair-raising. It was simply a matter of time. The French could not, and would not, hold out against the huge on-rolling waves of the Crown Prince's army, and he "had information" that Verdun must fall at any moment, and that this time the German army would rush irresistibly on Paris. But the Battle of Verdun continued. Day by day he had "information" that the French were bled white, that their *moral* was breaking, that they were sick and tired of the war. And the Russians hadn't any ammunition, and the French were saying that the British were not helping them, and a British officer had told him that the French were only pretending to fight, and he understood that General Joffre was going to be superseded, and the *communiqués* told only half the truth, and had I seen the German *communiqués* published in the Swiss papers, and did I realise how bad things really were?

❀

When the British offensive began he saw it through the wrong end of the telescope, and common-sense told him that our losses were terrific. Common-sense told him, too, that an amateur army such as the new British army could only be led to the slaughter against soldiers like German soldiers. As the offensive continued and our men and our guns were obviously doing most of the slaughtering, the Pessimist ignored the British offensive again, and his vision became fixed on Verdun. He knew much better than the *communiqués*. It was all very well to talk, but he "had information" that the enemy had already advanced nearly twenty miles since they began the attacking. He told me this during our cab-drive. I pointed out to him gently that if his information were correct the Germans must have got through Verdun and out on the other side without the fact having become known, and I ventured the suggestion that this was unlikely. He told me that my optimism was criminal. He asked me whether I realised Mesopotamia and its meaning.

He is still at large.

John N. Raphael

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Hors de Combat

"Why the 'ell didn't I join the Infantry"

"The Attack Began at Dawn...."

Early morning portrait of Ivor Black, conscientious objector, who spent two hours trying to convince the local tribunal that, being an artist, he was essentially a Creator and therefore opposed to Destruction in any form whatever

At the Seaside—but not in England: ATLANTIC CITY AS IT LOOKS JUST AT PRESENT

A photograph calculated to make the stay-at-home British holiday-maker green with envy. It depicts Atlantic City, N.J., U.S.A., looking down the beach from St. Charles Hotel. Atlantic City is the seaside resort of Philadelphia, but it is, at certain seasons of the year, the resort of the pleasure crowds of New York

The Engaged Girl

by Efemera

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

A Motherly Interest

No matter how sure you may be of a man, there are certain things to avoid as you would the plague. One of them is lecturing. It is all very fine to display a semi-maternal interest—indeed, it will carry you quite far on your way, for all men like mothering—but you must not base your mothering on the sterner side of the nursery. Most men do not object to a mild lecture if duly seasoned with flattery of a discriminating order, but very few will stand a repetition of the performance, whilst a third attempt (if you get the chance) will send a man shrieking to the wilds and the consolations of others more worldly-wise.

❀ ❀

The Worm without a Turning

No man falls in love with a view to personal improvement, whatever his manifest defects may be; and however much he may realise them—or the contrary. In fact, realisation of his short-comings makes him but the less eager to have them harped upon. He may declare himself to be unworthy, but in his heart of hearts he wishes to appear wholly admirable to the One Girl. I am speaking, naturally, of the man who is a man. One who will submit to be lectured three times in succession is a worm, not worth any girl's serious consideration unless she knows herself to belong to the genus henpecker. Of course, if she really wants a henpecked husband, that is her affair—but there is not much pleasure to the combative damsel in kicking a man who persistently stays down. You can't get any amusement or stimulus from trying to argue or quarrel with a person who accepts all you say and takes everything you give him.

❀ ❀

A Sop to Cerberus

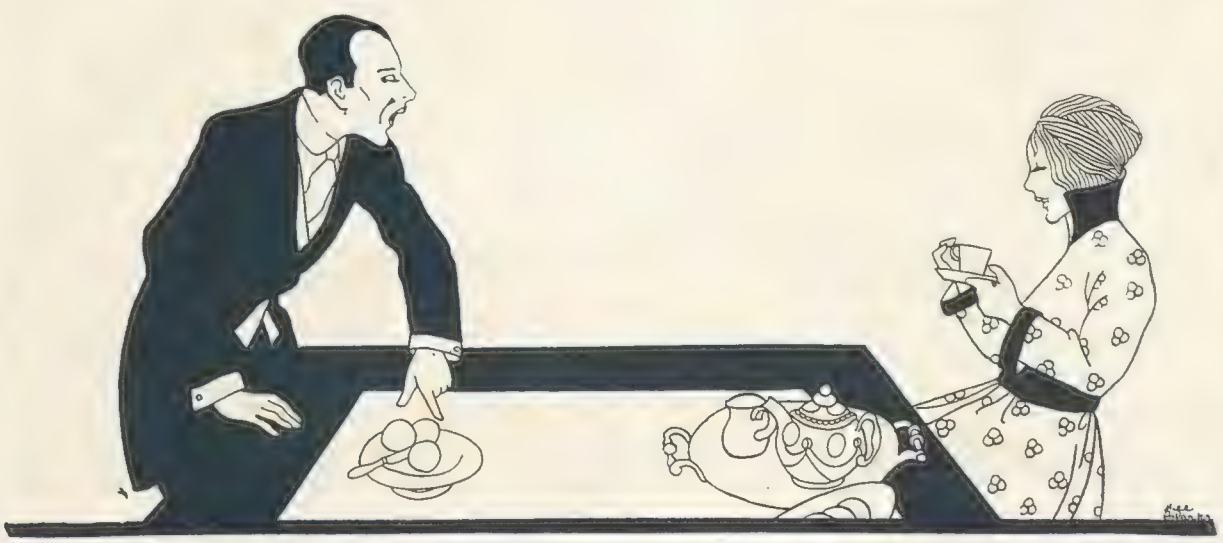
This cuts both ways. While it is often necessary for the sake of peace (if you happen to value it), and always diplomatic, to let a man believe that he knows just a little more than you do on most subjects—certainly on all important ones—it is a gross blunder to advertise subservience. A man is very much inclined to ask the advice and court the opinion of one whom he considers not quite so wise as himself—but a jolly clever woman all the same, you know. He will not take counsel of a door-mat whose sole contribution is: "Yes, dear," "No, dear," or "I quite agree with you, dear." The proper note is: "I am quite sure you are right, dear, but don't you think . . ."

❀ ❀

The Dependent Pose

Such is the paradox of human relations that you can very easily make the best of both worlds by combining a pretty, dependent pose, which of itself works wonders, with a fair amount of very definite tyranny. A girl really clever in this way will make herself indispensable and her opinions respected.

(Continued on page 472)



"I quite agree with you, dear"

THE ENGAGED GIRL (*concluded from page 471*)

You must not too obviously swim against the tide: easy does it.

❀ ❀

The High Hand

EVERY man likes to be looked up to—at least on the surface. As in the case of lecturing, the wise girl will contrive to minister to the conquering male's self-esteem with one hand, while with the other she reduces him to sack-cloth and ashes. Her bitter pills will be so nicely coated with sugar that he will gulp them down under the pleasing impression that they are sweetmeats. In all your dealings, remember that a light hand is best, even (and especially) if it be a high one. In fact, the higher the lighter.

❀ ❀

Proprietary Unreasonableness

A THING to mark, learn and inwardly digest is the change which comes over the spirit of a man's dreams once he takes unto himself a helpmeet. This change may come before or after marriage—that depends largely upon the length of the engagement, also not a little on security of tenure. When a man feels absolutely certain of a woman the proprietary attitude is very marked. So long as it is a question of females unattached to his person, he admires traits of character, dress, and deportment diametrically opposed to those exhibited by the women of his family. A certain freedom of conduct, views, even of language, strikes him as delightful and admirable. He burns incense at the shrines of strange goddesses. This is not extraordinary, for there is an undeniable attraction in the unaccustomed. But let him become engaged or get married, and he wishes his fiancée or wife, whilst maintaining her singular charm, to conform in every respect to domestic custom. He wants her to be different from the conventional women he knows and at the same time so like them as to occasion no comment.

"If you are inclined to be original"

❀ ❀

The Dilemma of Conformity

JUST as a man hates his clothes to differ in style and cut from those of his friends, so he hates his woman to differ conventionally from the accepted standard of womankind; and this in spite of his previous enthusiastic admiration of her independence and originality. And yet he does not expect her to cease from interesting and amusing him. If you are inclined to be original, whether in clothes or conduct, your fiancé, once he feels sure of his ground, will attempt to make you over; but, be well-assured, if he succeeds, you will lose a great deal of your charm for him. Indeed, in moments of outspokenness, he will probably complain of your dullness. If you do not conform there will be trouble of a different kind. Men are illogical creatures—but we all know that.

❀ ❀

"Keep Him Guessing"

THE only way to stave off disaster is never to let a man be too sure of you. Entire security is good neither for his manners nor his morals, and puts you at a disadvantage in your dealings with him. So long as he regards you as a person open to caprice, not too easily won and, once won, only to be kept by the Grace of God, and considerable personal effort, he will be chary of offending you. Every whim on your part, and every characteristic will acquire an enhanced value in his eyes. The hypothetical existence of rivals will make him anxious to keep in your favour.

❀ ❀

Setting the Pace

UNCONDITIONAL surrender may be very lovely and romantic, and all that, but like many other delightful things to be found in fiction, it does not work very well in everyday life. You see, one has to keep on living: one can't close the book at white satin and orange-blossoms, with a sigh of content. This being so, the most difficult part of the management of a man is not during courtship or the engagement—that is nothing but child's play to what comes after. The engagement is only the beginning of the exercise of wisdom: but a great deal depends on the pace you set in the pre-matrimonial canter.

EFEMERA

"He admires traits of character"

"Paradise Enow"

Miss Ida Adams, one perceives,
Prefers a dress recalling Eve's

(She is to appear in the new Gaiety piece "Theodore and Co.")

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

MR. OSCAR ASCHE has re-written the good old story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and has produced his version on the stage with a wealth of gorgeous scenery and a lovely riot of colour. The revised narrative follows the lines of the original story as regards most of its familiar details. There is the usual cave containing wealth in such ridiculous quantities that the mere sight of it all gives you an internal pain as you remember that you have got to make that paltry ten-shilling-note last till Saturday; while the donkey of pantomime tradition is represented by a real ass instead of by a playful human being trying to make himself one. There is also a good deal of music of a light and easy kind, which is likely to become popular on its own account.

❀

THE earliest outbreak of the plot shows us Miss Violet Essex, a young lady of highly attractive appearance, who represents Marjanah, and who sings through the window of her chamber to the effect that Ali Baba's son, Nur Al-Huda Ali, is the apple of her eye, or words to that effect. Another distinguished performance of this kind is given by Mr. Courtice Pounds and Miss Aileen d'Orme in a playful duet dealing with the ripe affection of maturer years, the burden of which is that "any time is kissing time." I have no hesitation whatever in endorsing that view. The principal part in the piece is played by Mr. Asche who represents the Robber Chief, Abu Husan. The peculiar nature of Husan's industry necessitates a frequent disguise, and on this occasion he is made up to represent Chu Chin Chow, a Chinese merchant who calls upon the wealthy Kasim under the pretence that he is seeking a customer for merchandise brought from far Cathay. The Robber Chief's real business is, however, to find out when the sale of Kasim's slaves is likely to take place, as the occasion promises to afford him unusual opportunities for daylight robbery on a very fine and large scale.

❀

THE scene of the Slave Market naturally affords an opportunity for displays of scantily-draped samples of feminine beauty without which no Oriental play is complete; though, of course, here everything is quite nice and correct. After all, the management has done no more than attempt with a conscientious thoroughness to realise the atmosphere which stage tradition prescribes in respect of pictures from the East. This tradition is so faithfully observed that we are even favoured with the spectacle of a row of negresses who, with their backs to the audience, go through the characteristic dance, which consists for the most part of a vigorous and rhythmical agitation of that portion of the human frame which is usually associated with sedentary repose.

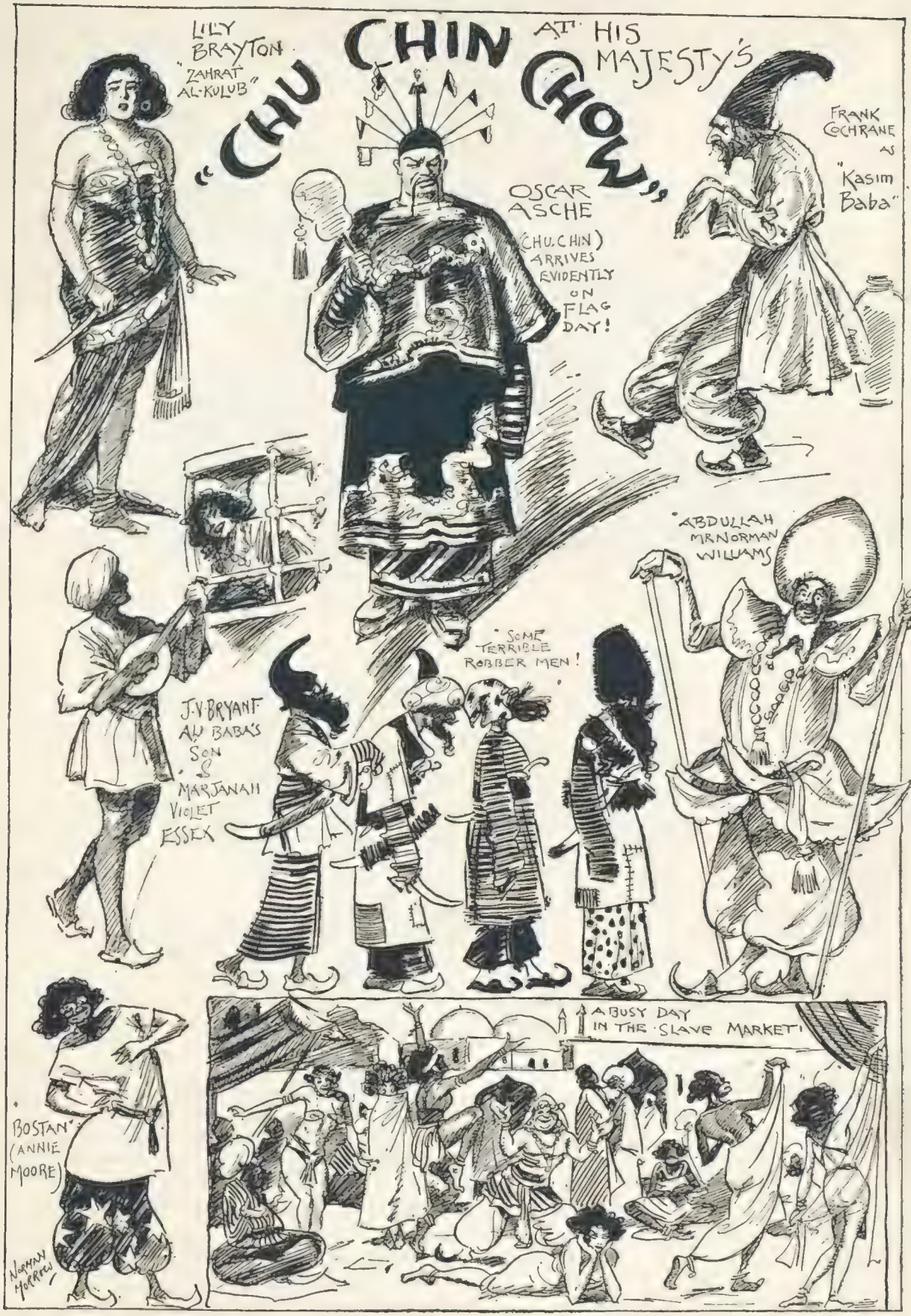
❀

WHEN all the slaves have been paraded, and the prospective buyers have laid their bags of gold on the ground before them in readiness for a deal on strictly cash terms, Chu Chin Chow abruptly closes the proceeding by summoning the Forty Thieves, and by expressing the pious hope that no misguided person will attempt to commit a breach of the peace. He then marches off with the entire stock of slaves and also the bulging purses of the dealers who have come to the market bringing with them the savings of a lifetime.

❀

AN interpolated addition to the old story provides a melodramatic part for Miss Lily Brayton as Zahrat Al-Kulub, the fairest of the slaves of Chu Chin Chow, who being imprisoned by her master spends a good deal of time in appealing to be allowed to return to her desert home where it seems there is a youth who loves her. Miss Sydney Fairbrother does all that is possible to get some fun out of the rather difficult part of the wife of Ali Baba, and she is assisted in this by Miss Annie Moore, a lady of colour with a distinct sense of humour. Speaking for once in the unaccustomed rôle of a truthful person, I cannot say that Mr. Oscar Asche has improved the old story with his new version of it. On the other hand he has mounted it with a prodigality and taste which will probably make the glittering spectacle one of the sights of London for a good while to come.

JINGLE

Ali Baba Re-dressed

"Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's brings before us an old friend in a new guise, with new names but all the old associations. Magnificently staged and well acted, this Eastern story should provide delight for a Western audience for a long time to come

The "Blighty Barge"

By "THOMAS"

The "Blighty Barge" ready to receive patients: in the meantime its "ministering angels" would not appear to be suffering from dullness

With one last agonising jolt the ambulance drew up alongside the canal and the owners of the four pairs of feet which protruded from the open end sighed sighs of great relief.

"Thank God that's over," exclaimed the occupant of the top right hand stretcher, gingerly touching his left leg to assure himself it was still there, "it's been just as if some blighter has been hammering nails into my calf."

"Have you ever noticed," came the voice of the left hand bottom pair of feet, "that whenever an ambulance driver says that the journey is going to take five minutes and that the roads are good it means that you are in for at least half an hour over cobbles."

"Yes," broke in the top left hand stretcher, "and I'm going to kill the next war correspondent I can lay hands on who talks about ambulances as smooth running messengers of mercy gliding silently, smoothly, surely towards England, home and beauty."

But all that came from the right hand bottom corner was a grunt of disapproval, which is about all that you can reasonably look for when you have left the more important half of your tongue at Longueval.

After about a minute voices were heard outside, and one by one the four were lifted off the ambulance and taken on to the barge. For each there was a glimpse of a long straight canal shut in by an unending avenue of poplars, and on it two large barges attached to a very decrepit little steamboat. Then the ground seemed to give under them as one after another they descended in a lift. Then they found themselves in real beds and lying between real sheets for the first time for many months.

Softly, almost imperceptibly, the barge moved and through the open hatches the beautiful green trees waved their farewell, as the wind played a soft lullaby on their rustling leaves. Eyes that had not closed for many days felt the magic of it. Throbbing heads forgot to throb and aching limbs to ache. Sleep stole over the ward, and with sleep came peace.

When they awoke next morning the barge, which had anchored during the middle of the night, was once more gliding on its way. A quaint figure with his head covered in bandages cocked himself up in bed and listened with his one serviceable ear for some familiar sound, but however hard he listened it would not come to him. The sister, passing by, noticed his air of expectancy, and stopped. "What is it, laddie?" she asked.

"I was wunnering whit way I couldna hear the guns nur-rse."

"Silly boy, none of you will hear them again for months. You're ever so far away from them now."

"I'll no be caring ower much gin its years, nur-rse."

But though they were out of sound of the guns, the end of their troubles had not yet arrived. The sister had gone on to the next patient and asked him how he was getting on. The reply was satisfactory and she continued—"yes, nearly every one likes the barge. It's so free from bumps and jolts of all——"

——There was a terrific crash. Beds slithered about all over the lower deck. Breakfast trays spread their contents in little puddles over the sheets. Sound legs banged against unsound ones, groggy elbows hit bed rails, wounds that had forgotten to pain began to sit up and take notice again. The sister wished she had not spoken. On the top deck a corporal ran by shouting out imprecations: "What in the (military epithet) do you mean by running your (military epithet) coal barge into a (military epithet) hospital barge you (string of military epithets)——" The speaker wore on his arm a blue anchor, and was no less a person than the skipper. Clear and calm came the answer from the coal barge "Vivant les Anglais."

Every now and then the trees on either side would fall away, and the barges would come to rest in a lock, from the stone walls of which two or three children looked down waving their hands and blowing kisses to the men below. As the day grew older the children on the lock side were reinforced by their mothers, grandmothers, and grandfathers, and at rare intervals by a blue uniformed father home on a week's leave. Every few minutes a bunch of flowers would fall with a soft thud on one of the beds, poppies, cornflowers and meadowsweet for the most part, but occasionally roses or sweet peas. Once or twice old ladies, wishing to show their gratitude in a more concrete form, would present one of the crew with

(Continued on page 478)

BRITISH NAPIER BUILT

MOTOR CARRIAGES

After 81,000 Miles!

Charles E. Newton, Esq., of Lincoln, one of our valued clients, recently sent us a striking Testimonial.

On receipt, we asked if we might be allowed to use same, and the following is the text of Mr. Newton's reply:

"Certainly, and I should add that the cost "of necessary Spare Parts, which I replaced, "is under £13."

This is after 81,000 miles use, and we record it as a further tribute to Napier Quality.

We invite future Car Owners to join the distinguished list of Napier Owners.

BRITISH AND BEST.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,
14, New Burlington St., LONDON, W.

Works:
Acton, London, W.

MOTORS

THE "BLIGHTY BARGE" (*concluded from page 476*)

a cabbage, or a basket full of beans. Over the side of every bridge appeared a row of laughing faces eager to respond to any answering smile from the barge.

"Don't you think," said Lieutenant X, one of half a dozen officers in the stern of the last barge, "that we ought to do something to repay these people for their kindness. Couldn't we give them some more entertainment for their money." And so it was that when the lookers on from the next bridge peered down through the last of the open hatches they saw in the middle bed a perfect type of super-Hun, complete with helmet and heaven-tilted moustache. His hands were firmly bound in front of him and the patients on either side of him were armed with deadly looking revolvers which they pointed unwavering at his Teutonic head. Execrations fell faster from the onlookers than flowers had before, and a bunch of carrots whizzed by within an inch of the unfortunate man.

When the bridge was out of sight he turned to one of his guardians. "For the love of heaven," he gasped in perfect English, "get me undone before we come to the next bridge. That was too hot for me. Perhaps next time it will do if we assume an expression of the most profound agony to attract sympathy. Unless, of course, either of you would like to take the part of Fritz." There were no offers.

And so the day passed. Early in the afternoon a little boy came on board with a bundle of a certain English paper much read in France. His stock was soon sold and quiet reigned. Some read the official *communiqués*, others scanned the casualty lists to see if their names were yet upon the roll of honour. Some of those with slight wounds cast their eyes down the list of theatres, pleasantly expectant of good times to come. Suddenly all were disturbed by a low moaning which came from a corner bed where an Australian lay. The sister hurried up anxiously. Something must be very wrong to make an Anzac moan. "What is it, old chap?" she asked in a gentle voice, "wound hurting much?"

"No, sister," came the answering moan, "but look at that."

"Look at what?"

"That, sister," and he pointed to one of the glaring headlines. GALLANT WALLABIES CREEP ON THEIR STOMACHS INCH BY INCH TOWARDS POZIERES—'gallant wallabies creeping,' oh! sister! sister!" and his moans started afresh.

At dusk as the end of the journey was in sight the unfortunate travellers had to submit to being taken out of their beds and rolled up in blankets preparatory to leaving the barge. It was very hot and muggy lying in bed, but to be wrapped up in blankets like a mummy was positively stifling. It was only for five minutes, though, said the sister, but her word once more proved a broken reed, for without warning the decrepit tug aforementioned struck work, and could not be persuaded to carry on by fair means or foul.

Finally the skipper-corporal, by the sweat of his brow and after an hour's steady punting, brought in His Britannic Majesty's Hospital Barge "Good Hope," and five minutes later her cargo was being disgorged once more up the lift, and loaded on to ambulances by the light of a flaming long-tongued acetylene lamp. They were one stage further on their rag-time journey to Blighty.

The "Blighty Barge" getting to work—a patient being carried on board

THE "QUORN"
ACTIVE SERVICE COAT
An adaptation of our "Quorn" Trencher
With EXTENSION FLAP to protect the KNEES.

Price.

Without detachable lining
£4 : 4 : 0

With finest soft camel fleece, detachable lining to body and sleeves
£6 : 10 : 0

POST FREE—
U.K. 8d. extra.
Abroad, 1/4 extra.

APPRECIATIONS RECEIVED FROM EVERY WAR AREA.

FROM the actual experience of many of our customers, it is most essential that in a coat intended for use in the Trenches the skirt should be short, so as to avoid trailing in the mud and becoming saturated. Messrs. Turnbull and Asser have designed this new pattern of their "Quorn" Coat to overcome this failing and at the same time to afford adequate protection for the knees.

The "Quorn" Coat is absolutely waterproof and light in weight. The detachable fleece lining can be used separately as a dressing gown or soft warm covering at night.

Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit:—Chest, Length of Sleeve from Centre of Back to Length desired, & Height.

Specialists in
CAVALRY WIND-ON PUTTEES
in
"REGULATION" and "INDIAN" Shades.

Turnbull & Asser
71-72, JERMYN STREET
(5 doors from St. James's Street),
LONDON, S.W.
Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London." Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.

The Bystander in Copenhagen

WILL DENMARK JOIN THE FRAY?

PRIME MINISTER ZAHLE and Denmark's Uncrowned King, ex-Prime Minister J. C. Christensen, with Denmark's Crowned King Christian and Wilhelm the Wicked intervening, are wrestling in desperate struggle for Denmark's soul. The excuse is Zahle's secret sale of the Danish West Indies, but the underlying cause is the issue: Will Denmark Join in the Fray? The issue will be decided in October at a General Election. Denmark is torn with agony and excitement; and the reason is that during two solid years of war Prime Minister Zahle and three Riksdag parties have proclaimed that an Election might drag Denmark into the fray. And every Dane knows that if Denmark goes into the fray she can only go against Wilhelm the Wicked.

⁂

DENMARK'S basic trouble is that she gave women the vote. This she did by a new Electoral Law passed in June 1915, which increased the number of voters by 600,000. Three parties, the Radicals and Socialists who support Prime Minister Zahle and the Conservatives who oppose him, agreed that the Electoral Law must remain in abeyance till the end of the War.

⁂

OTHERWISE a General Election and embroilment in the War! J. C. Christensen and the Left Party alone demanded an Election. J. C. is Denmark's best orator, keenest electioneer, and most popular man; naturally he wants to lead a Cabinet again; and now he has his way, for he has forced unwilling Zahle to consent to dissolve the Riksdag.

⁂

J. C. CHRISTENSEN fiercely assaults M. Zahle and Foreign Minister Scavenius for their alleged pro-German policy. In fact, Denmark has no pro-Germans, but it has degrees of anti-Germanism, and Zahle's "Neutrality Cabinet" is the least anti-German. It is backed by Radicals and Socialists, who oppose the Left and the Conservative demand for defensive armaments against Prussia; it suppresses with fierce hand all anti-German manifestations which might endanger Neutrality; and it is daily applauded by the Berlin Press, which assails

(*Continued on page 482*)

AUSTRALIAN OFFICER.

"Coo-co! Come on boys, light up your 'Army Club' Cigarettes and settle down to a good time. Cripes, if the folk down under don't throw up the Cigs they've been smoking and take on these they'll be doing 'dead wrong.' We've come a 'durn' long way to take part in this scrap, but we'd go a bit further to get hold of some of these Cigarettes. They're real worth while."

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

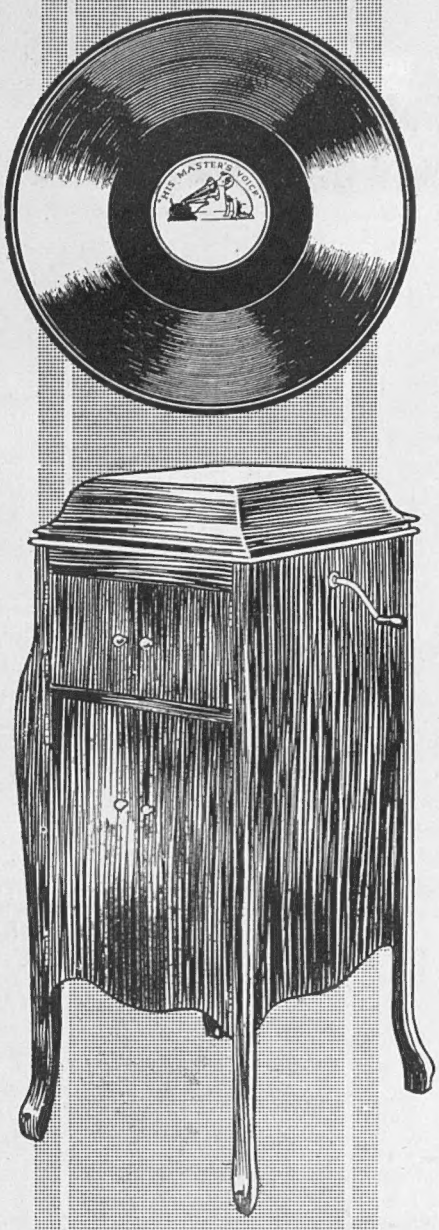
50 for 1/10½

On Sale at Junior Army and Navy Stores, all A. Baker & Co.'s branches, Bewlay's, Finlay's, Selfridge's, A. W. Gamage's, Spiers & Pond's, A. L. Drapkin's Stores, & other high-class Tobacconists.

CAVANDER'S, 261, High Street, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

TRIPLEX Safety GLASS

GOGGLES, WINDSCREENS, AND WINDOWS.



PROVE FOR YOURSELF THE ABSOLUTE SUPREMACY of "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Instruments & Records

WE invite you to *prove* the *supremacy* of 'His Master's Voice' Instruments by going to your dealer and hearing the twenty-two guinea instrument (*illustrated*); it is the No. 10 Cabinet Machine. Hear 'His Master's Voice' Records on our instruments and you will be convinced for all time that the *supreme* musical combination is 'His Master's Voice' Instruments and Records.

The Best Known Trade Mark in the World.

Go to the Leading Music Houses in your City to-day, please.

List Post Free from
THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

THE BYSTANDER IN COPENHAGEN (*concluded from page 480*)

J. C. Christensen as a schemer and firebrand. Prime Minister Zahle does not like being patted on the back by Berlin; but he has to put up with it; and J. C. Christensen, who knows the Danish heart, rejoices when Berlin condemns him as a schemer and firebrand.

❋

DENMARK'S party feud over the sale of the West Indies Islands is a mere side issue in the struggle between Neutralists-at-all-Costs, and advocates of firmer policy towards Wilhelm the Wicked. Only one Danish party, and that the smallest —the Conservative—is against the sale. But J. C. Christensen's Left Party, backed by nearly all the farmers, insists that the present Riksdag is incompetent to dispose of Danish territory, because the present Riksdag is elected on a now abolished franchise. So J. C., though himself for the sale, made a deal with the anti-Sale Conservatives on the basis: No Sale until the nation has its say.

❋

PRIME MINISTER ZAHLE retorted that an Election would drag Denmark into the fray; and suggested instead a plebiscite about the Sale question alone, all Danes, including the enfranchised women, to vote. Zahle got this through the Folksting (the Lower House), where Radicals and Socialists have a majority; but he could not get it through the Landsting, a stronghold of Conservatives and Left. An election was inevitable.

❋

THEN King Christian intervened. He begged the four parties to avoid the Election which might drag Denmark into the War. Let them start a Coalition Cabinet with Ministers from all parties. "That," said King Christian, "would be the brightest page in Denmark's modern history." Just as the negotiations were breaking down, the Landsting defeated M. Zahle by an overwhelming vote; and so the Election has come.

❋

WILHELM THE WICKED and his odd hundred of agents here who are trying to run Danish politics have thus had a bad defeat. If J. C. Christensen comes back to power he will depend on Left and on Conservative support; and both these parties demand a much firmer policy towards Berlin. That does not mean that Denmark will join the fray at once.

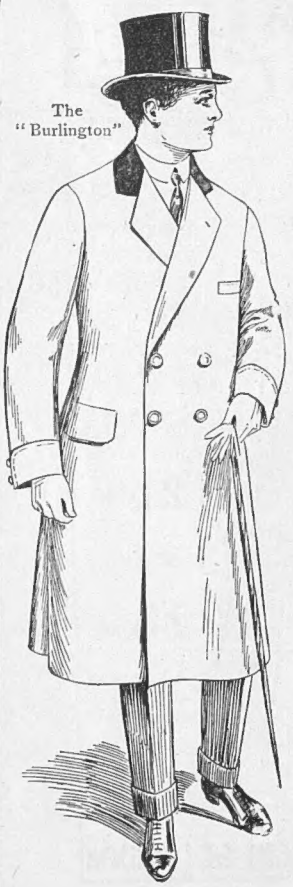
❋

OSTENSIBLY, J. C., his ally the anti-German armaments Conservative Piper, and the Opposition Parties are as "Neutralist" as M. Zahle. But they are patriotic and Nationalist, fiercely anti-German on general war issues; and in no way forgetful of Schleswig-Holstein. And every Dane at heart says, "I am Neutralist; certainly we must keep out of the War, but of course, if Germany is absolutely, irredeemably crushed . . . ."

❋

DENMARK'S new women voters are mostly anti-German. That may determine the Election. In any case, Wilhelm the Wicked (and Wilhelmstrasse the Wicked) have a new anxiety; for Denmark's soul is plainly going to be won by the more anti-German of the two anti-German parties; and "of course, if Germany is absolutely, irredeemably crushed," the present splendid arguments for neutrality would fall to the ground. They would melt like butter, the sale of which to Germany is Denmark's only good argument for keeping neutral.

School Outfits



The "Burlington"

WE strongly advise parents to select Next Term's School Outfits well in advance and so avoid the inconvenience caused by sending boys and girls back to school with incomplete kit. There are very good reasons for shopping betimes—viz., it is not always possible to get EVERYTHING you want at the last moment —and the present exceptional conditions and shortage of skilled labour make it almost impossible to complete late orders in time.

We make a great specialty of School Outfits and can give authoritative advice on the particular requirements of every school. Our Juvenile Clothing always represents the best possible value for money. Here are descriptions of the garments illustrated.

The **"BURLINGTON"** Overcoat (as sketch) in best grey Fleecy, unlined, except sleeves and shoulders which are lined Satin; half-belt at back; velvet collar - - - - - - - **72/-**
In navy Elysian, **67/6**; and blue-brown Fleecy, **84/-**.
Prices quoted are for 14 years' size and rise **2/-** a size.

The **"ISOBEL."** Well-tailored Coat and Skirt in fine navy and black Suiting. Coat lined Silk, with smartly cut pockets and Patent belt; full skirt with pockets same shape as on coat. Most useful Costume for young ladies age 15 to 19 years. Price for all stock sizes - - - - - - - - - - - **65/-**

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

The "Isobel"

PETER ROBINSON'S
OXFORD STREET W

Peter Robinson Ltd

Cigars on approval

Uncle Pete says: "They are not good to look at, but they're jolly good to smoke. I've been making cigars for 30 years, so I ought to know."

If you have not already tried Martins Panatellas, will you try them at our expense? Allow us to send you a barrel of 100. Smoke half a dozen. If you like them, and decide to keep them, we ask you to pay the cost, viz: 18/6 a barrel of 100 Long Panatellas, or 15/- a barrel of 100 Short Panatellas. If you do not wish to keep them, please return the remaining 94 and there the matter will end. You need not feel under the slightest obligation for having smoked the half-a-dozen.

We take the risk

of sending Panatellas on approval, because 99 out of every 100 smokers who try them buy them—and order again and again—they become regular customers.

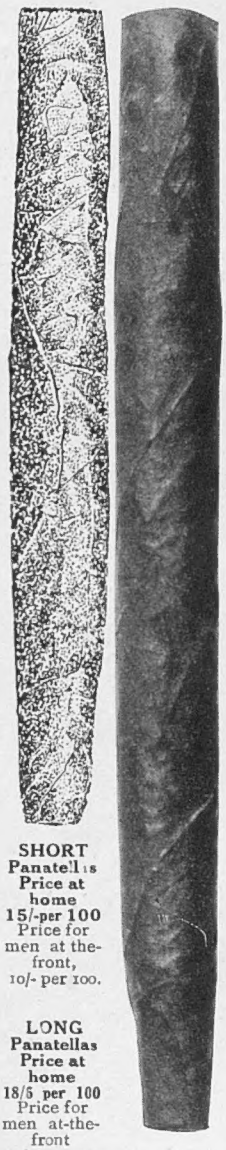
Martins Panatellas are the ideal war-time cigar. Remarkably cheap—and remarkably good.

They are cheap because they are roughly made; all the value is in the actual leaf, none of it in the workmanship. "Just a bit of good tobacco rolled up anyhow" describes them perfectly.

MARTINS Panatellas

are delightfully mild, yet possess a sweet, nutty flavour. You can smoke them all day long without the slightest trace of "headiness." For out-o'-doors, there is no cigar more satisfying, none more enjoyable than Martins Panatellas.

For this reason they have caught on with the out-door man at home, and with naval and military officers at the front in a way no other cigar has ever caught on before. We are selling *millions* of them. Even so, we don't ask you to take our word for their wonderful quality, or buy on chance: Fill in the coupon below and try them for yourself before you buy. Make their acquaintance, and you'll thank us for having introduced Martins Panatellas to you.



SHORT Panatellas Price at home 15/- per 100 Price for men at the front, 10/- per 100.

LONG Panatellas Price at home 18/6 per 100 Price for men at the front 11/- per 100.

FREE TRIAL coupon

To **Martins** (6 Doors from Piccadilly Circus) Ltd.
210, Piccadilly, **London, W.**

Dear Sirs:—Please send me one sealed barrel of 100 Martins Panatellas for me to sample entirely at your risk.

I will smoke half a dozen, and if I find I like them and decide to keep them, I will remit the cost to you within 14 days of receiving the barrel.

On the other hand, if I do not decide to keep the barrel, I will return the remaining 94 Panatellas to you within 14 days, and there the matter will end without any further obligation on my part.

I have pinned my card or printed notepaper to this Coupon.

NOTE.—Martins Ltd. have to make this stipulation to prevent applications from youngsters.

I wish you to send the { LONG at 18/6 per 100 / SHORT at 15/- „ „ } *Strike out size not required.*

Name.....

Address.....

Date 277

A Note of Distinction marks

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

which accounts for the steadily growing demand for them among men of good taste. Moreover they will always retain this distinctive appearance—"the wash" will not spoil "Viyella" in any way. It is a healthy and comfortable material, of exceeding durability, and one that positively will not shrink. The ready-to-wear Shirts and Pyjamas are tailor-cut and perfectly finished, and either these or the made-to-measure garments are obtainable in "tropical," light, medium and heavy weights, and in regulation khakis or greys, a variety of artistic stripes or plain cream.

"We got them at the same time why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Shirt Maker upon request; together with samples of the material and interesting booklet: "A Material Consideration."

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 2a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C

LIBERTY'S BLOUSE SMOCKS

FOR GARDENING AND COUNTRY WEAR

IN ASTRON COTTON

A lustrous fabric with the brilliancy of corded silk. Many charming and useful colourings

21/-

In Washing Crape

25/-

Patterns of fabrics post free

LIBERTY & Co. Ltd. REGENT ST. LONDON

Motoring Affairs

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Henry of Prussia

HENRY OF PRUSSIA does not love us. He says we began the war against Germany out of commercial jealousy; that he has lived with us, worked with us and played with us for years, but in everything we always endeavour to get on top by any manner of trick. This is ingratitude. We gave Henry (and his august Brother) honorary membership of the R.A.C., decided he was a decent sort of fellow when he came down to Brooklands, and when he was driving around the roads of this country (spying they now say) in the joint reliability trial organised between the Imperial Automobile Club of Germany and the R.A.C.; this is our thanks. That Anglo-German trial was a very select and exclusive affair; and the agitation of the Club to keep it so, was quite a jolly spectacle. Henry, at any rate, had no occasion to grumble at his reception and treatment. I do not remember that we endeavoured to get on top of him or his following by any manner of trick. For that matter I do not remember that we succeeded in getting on top of him at all. I cannot even remember a desire, although we all smoked pipes together at the R.A.C. Gymkhana (when everybody got into a mess because he and she would not understand the rules and nobody knew whether anybody had won—and did not greatly care); and had plebeian gin and ginger beers together in the tent adjoining. As a matter of fact, everybody who came into contact with him found him a kindly, considerate, and capable man, and let themselves go at full throttle in his praise. So why his face was "aflame with anger" about us, heaven knows. Germany's lack of success in the war must have made him sour—which is easily understandable. Or, perhaps, it is merely a matter of the *Neueste Nachrichten* being a liar in its report. You know what these newspapers are!

***

Pegs and Holes

THERE is another recruit for that corps of mechanical engineers whenever it is formed, and also a little further evidence of the waste of force involved in haphazard methods of recruiting. "I am by profession an engineer and draughtsman. I tried to join the R.N.R. as probationary engine-room artificer. Previously I had tried to join the R.E. On both occasions I was failed through eyesight. I am now in the R.A.M.C., and have been in France fourteen months. I know nothing of the work, and probably never shall be equal to the high standard of the corps. I have been unable to exchange." Exactly. Square pegs in round holes. Wasting engineering strength, of which we are in urgent need, upon medical work it can never hope efficiently to perform. I do not know if anything further has happened in connection with that mechanical engineers corps. Should be glad to hear it has.

***

An Appointment

THE North British Rubber Company have been appointed suppliers of tyres and general rubber goods to H.M. King Alfonso XIII. of Spain. Good.

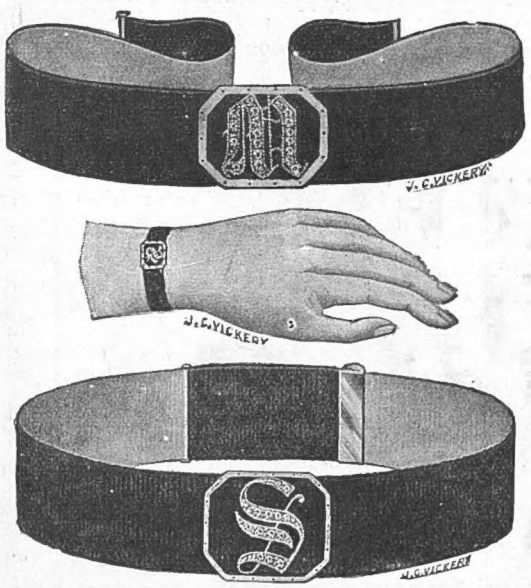
C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS in lead, celluloid, and ebonite cases, for Ignition, Lighting, Starting, and Portable work. British throughout. Write us your requirements.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit. — H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

"Labour and wait" is an excellent motto sometimes, but it has no application to tyre-changing when WARLAND DUAL (quick-tyre-change) RIMS are on the car wheels. No labour; no waiting.—Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.

J·C VICKERY·
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties' Jewellers Silversmiths & Dressing Case Manufacturers

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Useful Gifts for Friends at Home and on Active Service, Post Free



VICKERY'S DIAMOND INITIAL NECKBANDS & BRACELETS

Diamond Initial in White Enamel border - £3 15s. each.
Pearl Initial in White Enamel border - £2 5s. each.
The Neckband in Black Velvet. Bracele' in Black Moiré Silk.

THE past record of the Austin—*the Car that set the fashion to the motoring world* — and the present war work of the factory, provide excellent foundations upon which to build the Austin of the future.

Catalogue sent at request.

The Austin Motor Co., Ltd.
Northfield, Birmingham.

London, Paris, Manchester, Norwich.